

TYRANNY

TYRANNY the *Worst* TAXATION;

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

TYRANNY the Mother of TAXATION



POLITICAL EPISTLE.

[Title of the Spelling and Subject.]

1346.4.26.

T Y R A N N Y

A D D E D . R U L E S A N D E N C I .

T H E

WORST TAXATION;

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable Lord N—
K
OSTENSIBLE PRIME M—R.

—“In *Poison* there is *Physic.*”
Shakespear.

By the AUTHOR of ROYAL PERSEVERANCE.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

У И И А Я У Т

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НОИТАХАТ ТЯЮ

POLITICAL EPISTLE

анто



Ridge Honoursie Lord N—

отличие премиа

“The Royal Presse”
Spartacus

Авторъ ѿ ROYAL PRESSEURANCE.

Лондон

Printed for J. B. W. in Pall-Mall-Road.

MDCCLXXVII

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A Pamphlet written by the celebrated *Ministerial Advocate*, Dr. Sam. Johnson, entitled "Taxation no Tyranny," having lately presented itself to the Author, among some others which he destined to the *Flames*; the *Quaintness* of the Title struck him, and brought to his Mind as *quaint* a Title---"Killing no Murder"—by the *no less* celebrated Captain (and political Doctor) John Lillburne. John was an *enthusiastic Demagogue*, and Sam. is of late turned an *enthusiastic Pensioner*. This is the Opinion of the *Author*, who, like every other Reader, has a Right to judge for *himself*. Among other Taxes, Censure (as Swift says) is a Tax which every Man must pay to the Public for being eminent. The *quaint Title* of the Doctor's Work brought to the *Author's Mind* as *quaint an Epigram*, addressed by some Wag or other to the renowned Doctor, viz.

"*Taxation is no Tyranny*," you say:
Your *Proposition* turn the other Way;
And, as a *Friend* to *factions Innovation*,
Shew us that "*Tyranny is no Taxation*."

From this *arch Inversion* of the Doctor's *Hypothesis*, the *Author* took his Hint for the present *Epistle* and its *Title*; which he has taken the Liberty of addressing to the *magisterial Doctor's great Macenas*.

ADVENTURE

A number arrived by the carriage which came Dr.
Samuel Johnson's "Lantern Lamp," having been
lent him to the York Union some time ago which he left to
the Library; the Committee of the York Union had brought to his
Majesty a Bill—"Will you have?"—to be considered
Chancery (by Mr. Dyer) before the Committee. This was the same
Bill the King had sent to the Library to consider.
This is the opinion of the Library, this day
as a Right to bring to the public. Among other Town Councils (as
it is a Right to bring to the public) is a Town which has to the public for
some time past. The Queen's Work proposed to
the Library to be done by some Workmen in Hull, who
are to do the work.

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

МОИТАХАТ ТАЮЩЕ ВНЯНИЕ

Howe'er distinguishingly did
Had the end, some H'ble, & the like,

TYRANNY the *Worst Taxation*;

POETICAL EPISTLE,

&c.

To you, my Lord, these honest Lines I send;
To you, who shou'd have been the *People's Friend*:

Not, like *a Wolsey* in *Henry's Reign*,

A *T---*'s *Minion*, and a *Kingdom's Drain*.

To Kings tho' selfish Fools eccentric run,

A King's, and People's Int'rest, is but one.

Howe'er

w^tH

8 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Howe'er distinguish'd by a diff'rent Name

In sycophantic* Herds, 'tis still the same.

The Cloud of ~~T~~ o'ercasts us now;

~~KOITAXAT~~ Fate hangs on ~~B~~-re's, on ~~N~~-s, and ~~M~~-f-d's Brow.

Below, you represent absconding B-t;

Above, an Empire dies by "Roy le veut."

Proud of your Name, Corruption wears no Veil;

~~INTAIP E JADITE POE~~ At your soft Br-be no Senator turns pale.

Corruption's Father † never went your Length;

But under you her Venom gathers Strength.

Safe from Impeachment in these virtuous Times,

Each Parricide, embronz'd, avows his Crimes:

In strong Majorities Knaves place their Hope;

L-s fear no Axe, and Commoners no Rope.

* A detestable selfish Combination, who have the Effrontry to style themselves "K.'s Friends;" as if all the rest of the Nation were his Enemies.

† Cur non Inter Equeles. equitas?
As Horace says—Why does He not appear in public?—among his Peers?

‡ Sir R. W-Ipsa tud ei left in the People's King's sign A

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION. 9

How deeply was your Lordship once distressed, and were you
When Counties were uniting in a Test? *
Had Tests ensu'd, Impeachments had took place,
And two Great Houses worn an honest Face.
G— frown'd; You sighed; and B— was seized with Fits:
At last, you stabb'd your Country with new Writs;
On free Election palm'd a dext'rous Cheat †,
And plac'd Corruption in her ancient Seat;
A Seat, for which the Beldame now prescribes ‡:
By Length of Time she claims Septennial Bribes;
Plucks the rich Grape that loads the Treas'ry Bunch,
And eyes your Lordship as a dancing Punch §.
Crouching, she licks the Hand by which she's fed,
And once enjoy'd Sir Fl—r at her Head:

* Towards the latter end of the last Parliament. For a good Account of this, see Mrs. Macaulay's Address to the People of England—a full Refutation of Dr. Johnson's Patriot.

† See what a Merit Dr. Johnson artfully makes of this State-Trick in his Patriot, p. 2.—and see Mrs. Macaulay's Address.

‡ Before the late Nullum Tempus Act, a King could prescribe against the Faits of former Royal Grants—He is now limited.—When will Corruption know her Limits? Such a Punch as lately danced at Shaftesbury, loaded with Bribes for free Electors. Punch has been severely punished.—An Instance of the greatest Purity in the dirtiest H. in England.

old T

C

But

TYRANNY AT THE WORKS OF TAXATION.

But now she views him with malignant Eyes—
How durst a Speaker bid a King be wise?—
Still, when your Lordship issues your Commands,
She can lift up Four Hundred passive Hands;
And half as many Tongues, to Britain's Wee,
Are ready to pronounce your Aye, or No.
But whence this Influence, this despotic Power?
Like Danaë, Vice enjoys your golden Show'r.
O! were her venal Sons, by my Decree,
Plung'd headlong in some Smelter's boiling Sea!
Then, once for all, at ev'ry thirsty Pore,
They might imbibe their Fill of British Ore.
Such Treas'ry Floods what Virtue can resist!—
Sweet are the Streams from G—'s Civil List.

* "Your M—y's faithful C—s rely on a Hope well founded, that what they have granted liberally will be used wisely"—Bitter Sauce to an immense Douceur!—of which little Pincky had his Share, no doubt.

+ V. Dr. J—n's "Taxation no Tyranny," p. 65; where the Pensionary affects to be very facetious on contemplating the Subjugation of America, which would bring in a dangerous Flood of Treasure (as America says) to purchase the Remains of Liberty in Great-Britain.—The hungry Dogger licks his Lips at this Expectation.

These

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION. II

These Springs *Hydropic Pensioners* exhaust;
How many Millions thus are basely lost!
Like *Israel's* thirsty Children, *Placemen* drink;
N— strikes the Rock—they swallow, till they sink.
From craving still, no *Decency* restrains;
By *Voting* parch'd, they burst their *Patriot Veins*.
Let those who feel the *Civil List* decrease,
Call on *B*—'s *Party* to restore their *Fleece*.
Wou'd *Faction* thus her pilfer'd Sums disgorge,
A yearly *Million* might suffice for *G*—†;
But *r*—'l *Minions* ever were a *Curse*;
They poison *Principles*, and drain the *Purse*.
From these a Nation's certain Ruin springs;
To Gods they blow up self-conceited *K*—; &c
Teach 'em to quit unerring *Wisdom's Line*,
And risque a *Crown* to grasp at *Right Divine*.
Alas! their *Right*'s a *Gift*; their *Crown*'s a *Trust*;
All other *Claims* are mere tyrannic *Lust*.

† Without an Addition of 2 or 300,000l. more at Intervals.

Yet

12 ~~TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.~~

Yet to State Vermin how do Treasures fly! —
And how are Subjects plunder'd to supply! —
Profusion's lavish'd on all Sc—ts in vain;

A Cot was once a Palace for a Thane. —

In Hovels, braver Thanes than figure now,
Like Patriarchs, nurs'd their Wives, their Bairns, and Cow.

They thought (ere Union's Sunshine made 'em feel)

“A Pounce in Siller was a muckle Deale.” —

But since these frozen Thanes began to thaw,

By lying upon Down instead of Straw;

Sleeping no more on the bleak Mountain's Side,

Where Boreas by the Locks chain'd down their Pride*;

Blest with Arts, Commerce, Cultivation's Fruits,

And raised above a Level with their Brutes;

Since social Converse humaniz'd their Mind,

And brought 'em to be rank'd among Mankind;

Their haughty Sons, whose Sallads once were Grass,

Whose Thistles fed the Noble, and his Ass,

* It is no uncommon Thing for the Highlanders to throw themselves down to sleep on the bare Ground, and find their Hair frozen to it when they awake.

Expos'd

Expos'd, with Herds, to Famine, and to Cold,
 Strangers to Coin, unless when Kings were sold †,
 In English Hot-beds boldly now strike Root,
 Yet seem to scorn the Soil that makes 'em shoot.

To England all these hungry Lairdlings steer,
 Yet damn that "Union ‡" with a thankless Sneer,
 Which, in unmerited Abundance, keeps
 Thousands who pin'd on their paternal Neps §,

And starv'd on Rocks where barren Nature sleeps.

Can you, my Lord, such guileful Minions bless,
 And to such Spaniels always answer "Yes?"
 Yet, if wrong'd Subjects with Petitions go,
 Prompted by B—, advise an haughty NO?
 But, if Profusion shou'd want fresh Supply,
 At your Behest,—"Aye," and "Content's" the Cry.

† The Sc-tcb are used to traffic for their Kings. Their last princely Bargain was, for King Charles the 1st, whom they sold Dog-cheap to the Parliament-Faction, and receiv'd the Price of his Blood in Sterling Money.

‡ Those Sawneys who still affect the rank Brogue, pronounce the Word Union with a double n.

§ Turnips—the only Wall-Fruit of Scotland before the Union.

24 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Resistance with Rebellion is involv'd;^{*} And now the Corp'ral
Bute winks, and strait the Parl'mt's dissolved,
This influence Patriot Beckford dur'd resist; And though in
Corruption sneer'd, and Virtue was dismiss'd,
Her fruitless Rage quick Dissolution cures; though not
A Treasury with Scorn her Siege endures.
You can reveal, my Lord, the Cause of this; and thine is
You know who counsels, and who acts amiss. though not
On his own Ignorance durst N—— harangue?[†] yet he
Fie! — own yourself and Pensioners a Gang. yet he
If M-f-d's, B-re's, or G——'s Frown you dread,
Say, of this Gang who is the treach'rous Head? yet he
Silent! — You want the Courage, or the Will —
I'll answer my own Question — stand mute still.

In Days of Yore, when Patriot Monarchs saw
That Crowns were best ensur'd by Love and Law;

* The present Administration has produced the most unjust political Confusion of Names.—All true Revolution Principles have shared the basest.

† That a patriotic Spirit should be repulsed by the prevailing Artifice of ministerial Faction is no wonder.

‡ A late Admission of ministerial Ignorance, and total Want of all necessary Information, was publicly made, without a Bluff, in a Great-House, by the obnoxious Pilot of State-Affairs.

When

When Counsellors advis'd with perfect Heart,
 And Kings uninfluenc'd perform'd their Part;
 Ere standing Armies were a standing Curse,
 Or Jobbers took our Money-Bills to nurse*;
 Sound Reason, unredress'd, ne'er left the Throne;
 The Parent's Int'rest, and the Child's, were one:
 In Britain's Cause all us'd to coalesce
 No ministerial Faction plann'd Distress.
 Now L—s and C-m—ns faithfully agree,
 Like sworn Banditti's, in Confed'racy.
 The Judgment of our Statesmen is confin'd
 To Arthur's †—in the Senate they are blind;
 Bills are brought in, pass'd, jok'd upon, and sign'd.
 Slight Conversation‡ now decides the Fate
 Of England—Hoyle§ is worthy of Debate.

* This Kind of State-Brocage is carried on by the Minister's procuring the Advancement of Money from the Bank, &c. upon the Credit of Acts passed. This Money is issued chiefly in Paper—the typical Shadow of an ideal Substance.—Ministerial Wealth is solid; but English National Wealth is a mere Paper-Phantom.

† A noted House for Gamblers of Rank in St. James's-Street.

‡ Bills were formerly worthy of Debate, but now Macaroni Conversations are the Tom.

§ Hoyle upon Whist—a modern Science; of which, no doubt, a State-Professor, with an handsome Salary will shortly be appointed.

16. TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

System to System then keen Knaves oppose;
At Whist they 'wake—in Politics they doze.
Rash Gamesters!—in a national Distress
Who wou'd play on to make the Ruin less?*
To Thrones in vain the suppliant Knee has bow'd,
M---f---d's a Jesuit, and G--- is proud.
Princes, alas! are but too often told
That Men are cast in an inferior Mould.
Court Sycophants discover (as they say)
Something uncommon in the Royal Clay;
And Subjects, like Heir-Looms, on King's roll down,
Mere ornamental Lumber of a Crown.
Hence sulky Gloom deforms a princely Brow,
Telling Men “Slav'ry is their Charter” now,
Folly's ASTONISH'D at a People's Cries,
And tells 'em “Kings and Parliaments are wise;”
“ That claim'd Protection rests on royal Breath;”
“ To-day 'tis Slavery, to-morrow Death:

* It is a Maxim with some Gamesters to follow a losing Hand, to double and treble their Bets; in short, to persevere in ill Luck till they are stripped of all. Nations may be ruined, like Individuals, by the same absurd Perseverance.

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION. 17

" That all are Rebels, but that royal Tribe,
" Who kiss her Shackles, and accept her Bribe:
" That every Subject's trait'rous in her View,
" Who durst remonstrate, meet, consult, or sue?"
These Sentiments are learn'd by rote, and penn'd
By Tory M--f--d, who is "Virtue's Friend".
The Whigs adopt a System not so old,
Which Revolutionists have wrote in Gold;
A System, which brought in a fairer Line
Of Kings than those who held by Right Divine:
Precarious Tenure! lost with Charles's Head,
And quite abjur'd since James† from England fled.
In James's Case, did just Resistance draw
Treason on those who crown'd the great Nassau‡?
Whether a King from Government withdraws
His Person, or invades a Nation's Laws;

* "Uni æquus Virtuti."—V. Tresilian's Motto.

† James the IIId,—of infamous Memory.

‡ Our great Deliverer from Tyranny, Popery, &c. K. Wm. the IIIId.

¶ **TYRANNY THE WORSE TAXATION**

In either Case, should Kings their Trust betray, ^a and T ¹¹
Freemen raze, ^b and none but Slaves obey. ^c and odW ¹¹
Can you, my Lord, old Edward's Act* explain, ^d and T ¹¹
And thence Resistance to Rebellion strain? ^e and odW ¹¹
Or have old Edward's Sages miss'd the Case, ^f and sldT
And painted Treason with a double Face? ^g M wch yH
Howe'er it be, your Lordship, when inclin'd, ^h and W odT
Can form the Act of Treasons to your Mind. ⁱ and W odW
The Bill propos'd, that Patriot's rash who stands ^j A. doidW
For Liberty against Four Hundred Hands! ^k vgnA 20
Johnson will bring his Goose-Quill to your Aid; ^l vgnA 20
Consult the pension'd Doctor you have made\$. ^m vgnA 20
He calls it Treason, but so wish Success! ⁿ C. etiamq. in
To Liberty, or supplicate Redress. ^o odw vglc no rgnR
If Wishing's Treason, Writing is no less†; ^p A. etiamq. in
What Overt-Acts teem now in ev'ry Press! ^q vglc H.

* The Statute of Treasons.

† A decent Majority, upon a Pusb.

§ He was dubb'd a Doctor at Oxford by his Lordship's Influence.

|| V. Taxation no Tyranny, p. 86.

† "Scribere est agere"—the Law of Factious Justice in the Case of the great Algernon Sidney. On this judicial Sentence, most jesuitically, unconstitutionally, and illegally given, the renowned Sidney suffered at the Block for his patriotic Principles.

From *M—f—d* ev'ry honest Pen draws Blood; —
 And *B-te* still dreads *Impeachment* in the Bud. —
Your Lordship knows that *Faction*, and her *Crew*,
 Are wounded most by *Labels*, when they're true; —
 Let *Imprimaturs**, then, with *Freedom* die,
 And those who print without a *Licence*, die!
 In fullest Vigour keep tyrannic Health,
 Nor let * * * * * know his *Weakness* but by *Stealth*.
 Spread *J—f-n's* Works before *deluded Eyes*,
 That those who *pay*, may know how well he lies.
 In his *false Tenets* Fools may read their own,
 And laugh to hear mistaken Subjects groan;
 Learn beneath *Scorn* contentedly to rest,
 To break on *Suplicants* a *falsome Jeſt*;

* The laconic Form of licensing Literary Productions when the Liberty of the Press was restrained

† “The *Dissenter* still rages among the *Horned Cattle*”—Alas! poor Citi-

zens of no mean City!—Fie! ‘Lord M—f—d—Fie!

To

20 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

To spurn Submission as a fawning Gun,
And droll upon a murder'd Gb-n-ll-r*;
Whole Colonies, implacable as Fate,
With savage Fury to exterminate;
Or, failing, hide, with Shame, their coward Fears,
And, disappointed, shed malicious Tears;
Proving that Meanness, Vanity, and Pride,
And Tyranny, to Folly are ally'd.
'Tis her's, to Soldiers, who dare break their Ranks,
And murder Innocents, to lavish "Thanks";
To pardon, pension, all enormous Crimes †;
And nip the Buds of Liberty betimes.
This Pow'r is hers, in erring Reason's Spite;
Whatever her Decree inflicts, is right.

* Y—k.—“Kill the next Percy yourself, my Lord.”—In this Case Hypocrify (most theatrically played off) inveigled false Ambition into Suicide—and then, like the Devil in the Pantomime of Dr. Faustus, laughed at her own Treachery and Deceit.

† —————Manet, æternumque manebit,

Judicium —————

† Methinks, I see the two Kennedys—Balfe—M'Quirk—and the two Scotch ruffianly Soldiers in St. George's Fields with their Bayonets fixed—The formal Mode of returning hearty Thanks recurs to me.—What cheap B—bes are official Letters when bloody Work is to be done!—What a Blessing is an *airing Standing Army!*

Shou'd

Shou'd she for wanton Carnage give the Word,
 Rebels are they who do not kiss her Sword. V and T
 Shou'd she by Famine bid her Vassals die,
 Who durst lift up a supplicating Eye? M. a. s. o. m. — V
 Then, for their own, Expostulation's vain;
 Slaves must not argue, but embrace their Chain: A. n. i. s. g.
 How fanciful+ are they who once complain!
 What has a Slave, unless his Toils are sweet? C. w. n. d. — V
 His Lord distributes, or witholds, his Meat.
 For him the passive Creature lives, and toils; A. l. l. e. t. b. a. A
 The Slave procures, the Lord enjoys the Spoils: y. d. w. d. T
 For all is Spoil, where Vassalage obtains; z. i. c. h. l. e. c. o. n. i. s.
 Nor is that Blood their own that feeds their Veins. n. i. n. d. V
 In must be spilt to satie their Master's Pride, A. s. i. s. t. b. a. A
 And all his Dogs must lap the fatt'ning Tide. t. o. t. w. i. d. o. T

+ Dr. Sam. Johnson, in his "Taxation no Tyranny," with a dogmatic Sneer, applies the Epithet *fanciful* to the great Montesquieu, who argues too warmly (as the Doctor thinks) for *Liberty*.—The great *Locke* would not have thought Montesquieu *fanciful* in his Sentiments on *Liberty*. But I am sensible that a rank Caledonian, were he put to compare *Locke* with Dr. Johnson, would be apt to say to an English Admirer of *Locke*,—since "Taxation no Tyranny" has been published,—Ha! where is your *Master Locke* now?

33 TYRANNY THE MORTHTAXATION.

Thus *Tyranny* on base *Submission* treads,
Or issues out an Order for *Fools Heads*.
Shou'd *Freedom's* hateful Form attempt to rise,
N— makes a *Motion*, and the *Trait'ress* flies
With *N*— *Corruption* never a setless stands;
Against Threescore she lifts two Hundred *Hands*,
M-f-d and *B*—te the murd'rous Bill invent;
N— brings it in—'tis pass'd—and gains *Affent*,
“ *Le veut's*” engross'd upon the treach'rous *Scroll*,
And *Folly's* Scepter sanctifies the *Roll*,
Thus by no *Tyranny** are *Slaves* oppress'd,
Since all their *Suff'ring*s are by *Death* redress'd.
Thus into *Practic Theory* is brought,
And future *Kings* by *J-f-n* may be taught;
To him for *Truth* all *Tyrants* may appeal;
W-f-y† has stamp'd it with the *Found'ry-Seal*.

* This is Dr. Johnson's exact, literal Mode of Argument, and *Inference*, without Exaggeration—*Rsum teneatis, Amici?* V. his *Patriot*, p. 26. 25. V. *Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 85. 87, 88, and in other Places.

† A well-known, calm, fanatic Plagiary of Dr. J-f-n's “*Taxation no Tyranny*.”

In this, *Divine*, and *Layman*, both concur,
 "That Subjects, stabb'd, are Rebels, if they stir."
 From 'Scottish Zeal' this meddling Priest has snatch'd
 That *Dirk**, by which *Affliction* is dispatch'd; no solid
 That *Dirk*, which bold Aggressors brandish high,
 Who bid their *Applicants* despair, and die.
 Thus arm'd, unjust Subordination sits
 Enthron'd, to scare *Resistance* from her *Wits*;
 With *Paper-Troops*† fills the tremendous Field,
 And bids *Poltroons*‡, without *Conditions*, yield§.
 Thus vap'ring Bullies *Valour* wou'd controul:
Virtue must crouch when courtly *Thunders* roll;

* A short Scotch Dagger which every Sawney used to carry about him formerly for commodious *Affassinations*; like his true *Principles*, perniciously concealed.

† *Ld. Burr*—in some Time ago produced a List of 25,000 *Fortes* upon *Paper*, but declared he could not raise a single *Man* of them.

‡ A Name given by *Jemmy Twitcher*, and some more of his *Gang*, to the *Americans*.

§ i. e. *Unconditional Submission—Brave Words!* But what if we should be forced to swallow those brave Words! How then!

Credit

Or,

24 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Or, frightened at *G---mme's undaunted Eye*,^{*} will
Before a ministerial Faction fly.
Alas! my Lord, she cannot want *Supplies*,
Whilst on her *Cause*, and *Heaven*, she relies.
Virtue by no Attacks can be alarm'd;
Myriads against her Breast are *Rushes arm'd*.
Whilst *Freedom*, *Property*, and *Life's her own*,
She fears no prompting *Voice* behind a Throne.
Faction may plan, and *Tyrants* execute,
And ev'ry *Placeman* prove another *B---*,
That *K---s* are *Men*, some *Despots* may forget;†
And *Sycophants* increase a monstrous *Debt*;
Feed royal *Passions*, whence all *Mischiefs* spring;
By flatt'ring *Pride* infect a weakly —;

* At Minden it flash'd with Fire--or rather, as our Shakespear says, "Look'd thro' the Portal of his Head, like the brass Cannon"—
says Horace---Ancient Pistol has translated Horace thus:—"Slaughter's the Word, and Bilboe shall ensue."

† The great Philip of Macedon was waked by his Page every Morning, with this wholesome Memento—"Sir, remember that you are a Man."

Cherish

Cherish those Seeds which crafty B—e hath sown; You
 Till that Thanie's Principles become *bis oīon*; And b—
 Ply ev'ry Oar, and spread out ev'ry Sail, in ~~the world~~
 Lest Hopes of ministerial Wealth shou'd fail on ~~the~~ But
 Yet, my good Lord, this partial Love of Self ~~in~~ To
 Will find its Peace but ill-exchang'd for Pelf; In Commu
 The r—l Hand, which ev'ry Fav'rite warms, speck in
 Is no sure Shield against impending Storms. R—ch
 A Civil Tempest is a dreadful Scene: ~~you ---~~ This is to the X
 In Seas untry'd whati Rocks may intervene! Not to the X
 Tho' blust'ring S---w-ch, with a Neptune's Air,
 Grasps Britain's Trident, and forbids Despair, like
 Yet his Predictions (like your own*) have prov'd
 How far some Lords from Prophets are remov'd. of the X
 Distrust all State-Empyricks, and impart po r—ch
 To G— the honest Dictates of your Heart;

* "We shall bring such an Army into the Field, as will look America into Submission."

—“Dic mihi Cras istud, Posthume, quando venit?

Your Reputation above Titles prize, w^t these & such affronts
 And scorn, in Times like these, to impervious Tyrants ill
 Let Modesty in public Life appear; it has no value w^t
 But with no Flattery soothe your Master's Ear; for H^t flow
 For that the Drawing-Room's the proper Sphere. V. 1. 19.
 In Councils let explicit Truth be seen; I am but HiW
 Speak in plain Terms the very Thing you mean. — s^tT
 Rather than fawn, blunt Th-rbie's Phrase affect: w^t on al
 'Tis to the K— you owe the most Respect, qndP Grou A
 Not to the Man— Craterus keep in view; qndP vns^t mI
 Hephestion's courtly, but Craterus true*. qndP And 'cd T
 Like Beckford†, nobly scorn a Mortal's Frown; qndP
 The Smiles of Princes yield but short Renown. qndP Y
 Not so those Statues‡ which for Patriots breathe; l woH
 Those Honours equal to a Civic Wreath§. l & its flurid

* Alexander's Remark upon the Conduct of these two Courtiers was this: "Craterus loves the King, but Hephestion loves Alexander." And this vain Tyrant was silly enough to give the Preference to the sycophantic Hephestion, instead of the patriotic Craterus.

† The late patriotic Lord Mayor, of that Name.

‡ The City of London have most deservedly erected a Statue to the respectable Memory of Mr. Beckford.

§ Decreed by the Roman Senate to that Patriot who saved the Life of a Roman in War—Rome pensioned no Murderers of her Subjects.

Be those, my Lord, your Emulation's Pride;
Henceforth the Pageantry of Courts decide,
If to yourself you dare but to be true,
Our Annals may one honest Statesman shew:
From ~~Macfadden's~~^A Head extract the better Part,
And re-assume your Purity of Heart.
Misinformation* long eclips'd your Sight,
But now your Wisdom may discern the Light.
France has declar'd—Spain soon will intervene,
And brave us with her pitiful Marine †.
But (worst of all!) America will rise,
And with united Sqadrons fear our Eyes;
Treat our terrific Union‡ like a Rag,
And, sneering, hoist her Independent Flag;
Conciliation's Plan with Reason § spurn,
And justly play the Tyrant in her turn;

* A pitiful Excuse for a Prime Minister, and wholly inadmissible from any Mouth but an Ideot's.

† As a maritime Power, Spain is certainly contemptible.—They are often forced to strip their Sailors up to their Guts.

‡ The Union Flag of Great-Britain, hoisted by our Admirals, &c. &c. Because she once petitioned to be reinstated in our Favour and Protection, upon the very same Terms which we find ourselves obliged to offer her now. May she not say, with just Passion and Resentment, "Repudiata repetor?"

AS THE KINGDOM TURNS OUT TAXATION

Our Famine-Bills and Ammonium defy
Nor let her Patriot rank as her Alleged Vice
In foreign States she finds for better Friends; by or of it
And thus the Waste of Forty Millions English yearly,
To English Pride Rotroonist have laid the Axe, M. mon
And prov'd that "Tyranny's a wanton Tax Slaughter."

* V. *Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 90, 91. Dr. Johnson's sarcastic Banter there
will be more than realized, perhaps, to the Sorrow of Great-Britain.

† So the Americans have been called by some ignorant Braggadocios.

§ Dr. Johnson's Position, "*Taxation no Tyranny*," inverted.

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